Physical Violence Is Getting the Strangle-Hold on Plays *** on the Broadway Stage, for Now, You See, the Fight's the Thing

By Charles Darnton.

now the fight's the thing, the play itself merely sparring for wind until the thrilling moment of "desperate encounter" is at hand. Physical violence is slowly but surely getting the stranglehold on the Broadway stage. The 'strong scene' so dear to the bea t of the strenuous dramatist has become so strong that it calls for the grip of mighty hands and a high or 'er of rough-and-tumble ability. Romanticism with the sword has given way to realism with the fist, and it is the charming custom of the powerful actor to get "Art" right where he wants it by putting his knee on its chest and making it breathe hard.

In "Samson" we see Mr. William Gillette choking Mr. Arthur Byron until he is red in the face; in "Pierre of the Plains" we behold Mr. Edgar Selwyn grappling with Mr. Paul Dickey and then hurling him from the top of an embankment; in "The Fighting Hope" we blink at the sight of Miss Blanche Bates using her fists on Mr. Howard Hansel, and in "The Who Stood Still" we are surprised to see Mr. Louis Mann dealing Mr. H. A. La Motte a full hand in the face.

All of which leads us to look forward to the time when the proud manage, will step forward with his two good fighting men just before the battle, mother, and present them in the polite words of the prize ring: "Ladies and gentlemen, I take pleasure in introducing Mister Hard Wallop, heavyweig it hero; Mister Yellow Streak, light-weight villain-both members of

Muscular Emotion.

who go to the theatre in white kid the "copper king" gives his victim gloves are too highly civilized to fight themselves—they would consider it shockingly vulgar!—but they still delight to see a fight, and so they sit up with some of the primitive spirit, that the rules of the plan and the rules of the rules of the plan and the rules of the with some of the primitive spirit that the rules of the play and cares only The noble half-breed has "got" him at moves a boy to yell "Give it to him for the fight. good!" Like Hedda Gabler they secretly urge the hero to "Do it beautifully" Rooseveltian Drama. and forget all about the play in the exciting prospect of a fight. It's mus-

out swallowing hard and tugging at his meledramatic feet.

In less polite melodrama the longby the throat, or the hair, and drags validy shrinks for help and won-

get his hands on Govain. For two acts To-day the hero represents the good and more the audience patiently waits right arm of the audience. Gentlefelk to see the "scrap." It might see that The actors labor in the cause of mortal

drama may be only a sign of the times. shocking when Mr. Oscar Asche broke leave this dainty task to their English clown, therefore you aren't conce

gotten son to marry the girl whose dari- bad man of the play on the brink of the live the actor! ting child has been born between acts. scenery. They are not fighting for "You'll do it," thunders this stern "Jen"—the only woman in the cast—in parent, "or I'll break every bone in your fact, their set-to has nothing in partic-—d body!"

ular to do with the plot. They are simThe wrongdoer is no longer left to ply settling an old grudge for your beneis different. Her fall may be more seri-

> compromise, to give you a little light. We see Miss Blanche Bates demon-You see two struggling figures outlined strating "The Fighting Hope" with



last and the house whoops it up for the Dickey due credit for an utterly reck less "back fall." A good "back fall

You see Marceline fall all over him-Where an actor used to smash vases Our authors haven't the trick of put-Where an actor used to smash vases ting a play in a teacup. They prefer to he now smashes faces. We thought it ting a play in a teacup. They prefer to of the risks he takes. Marceline is a the furniture in "Tris," but now we are merely amused when Mr. Gillette stops scenes with the brawn and muscle of that is what he is there for. If he Mr. Byron with the threat: "Try to get out of here and I'll break your bloody A good fight and the night may be him with an extra laugh. But when a And this in Broadway and two- won! "Pierre of the Plains" runs along serious actor takes a tumble you gasp dellar "drama!" Up at the Circle we uneventfully until the half-breed hero and lend your spinal column to the thrill of the thing. The villain is dead! Long

erciful Providence or an unmerciful fit. They are giving you a little some- ous, and if it is a good hard one it may If it can possibly be arranged, thing for your sluggish blood. You need bring tears. But it is not spectacular, "gets his" in full view of the audi- a tonic. The play needs something to A "back fall" would probably prove ice. The latest style of villain goes pull it up and put it squarely on its fatal to a heroine's back hair, whereas the more conventional kind merely tollar. He may bob up smiling for his curtain call, but while the play is on it behoeves him to see that his collarbutton doesn't interfere with his breath.

The lights are low so that you can't sprains her reputation for a few acts. Sometimes the more conventional kind merely sprains her reputation for a few acts. "The Wolf" had a fight in the dark, button doesn't interfere with his breath. "Pierre of the Plains" is willing to brings a "rise" out of her.

When the Play Isn't Polite. against the discreet blue of the "back- clenched fists when the convict-hus-



man. Poor Mr. Hansel has a very hard but the audience has no disposition And Broadway is how many blocks time of it. He is hardly over the drubto interfere. It wants to see the villain from Third avenue? No matter!

insult to his varied crimes. A Belasco bing Miss Bates gives him when Mr. punished. Physical violence is hailed as heroine has usually pounded something Charles Richman, an unusually muscu- a punishment to fit the crime. The —a door has suffered more than once— lar actor, seizes him by the throat and but this one is the first to pound a makes him look very unhappy.

Lar actor, seizes him by the throat and audience glories in the strong right of it—it cheers the strangle-hold.

THE

"STRONG

SAMSON.

Betty Vincent Gives Advice on Courtship and Marriage

him, saying that you do not wish to to marry. No girl of nineteen is cap-

Friend or Sweetheart?

I would like to know is whether she chum's friendship for your lady-love. loves me or loves my friend. She shows her love for me, but always speaks to Too Young to Marry. me of my friend in endearing words. Dear Betty: Would you give up your gentleman friend for your lady-love? T. R. AM nineteen, and a young man of twenty, whom I met very recently, if the young lady shows that she loves tell by his actions. Do you think we you I would not doubt her affection. are too young? Of course, I would wait She, perhaps, wishes to make you jeal- at least two or three-years for him, but

break up your friendship with him, but able of judging whether or not her love as you both love the girl you suggest is of the true and lasting kind, and by AM in love with a girl with whom that each try to win her in a fair way, marrying this young man now you my gentleman friend is also in love. and then let her decide which one she might bring great unhappiness upon She likes him very much, but she prefers. In this way I do not think it yourself. If you were older, that is always appears to love me better. What will become necessary to give up your twent; three or four, and truly loved

triend for your lady-love? T. R. Actions speak louder than words, and ous of your friend. If both you and I imagine we are too young for each your chum are in love with the same other. What do you think? D. B. E. girl, why not have a frank talk with At present you are entirely too young

the man, and thought he returned the affection, I would advise you to marry him after you had known him for about

she treats me most inconsiderately, asking me to take her to the theatre every week. I cannot afford it, as I draw a small salary. Kindly advise

me what to do.

In the course of your conversation your salary is small, and for that readrop her, for she will have proved that

rough work. The vilain takes her The Widow Tells How Not to Choose a Husband



White the matter of the section of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality espect of supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an quality especial actor in the supers for an eminent actor in an emine actor

By Robert W. Chambers. Author of "The Firing Line" and "A

Fighting Chance."

A Revelation of

New Vork Society

financial disgrace. Selwyn visits the Austin her eyes. "On, Phil:" see solved, and country place at Silverside. There he experiments with a new explosive which proves a success. He proposes to Elicen. She admits that she loves him, out only in a sistant strip way, and rejects him. Yet, other girls he stared stupidly, lips apart, chin. The stared stupidly, lips apart, chin. The borrible little man, with him awakens a vague selousy in library that Alise and Ruthyen have separated, and that the former is a greet at a house near Silverside.

A little later, Nina sat up in the hammock, daintly effacing the traces. She shuddered: "Why, the mere bring-

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

TINA; no woman could have my conclusion."

said under her breath. He stared at the floor out of gray stand by her! How can he, in God's in his surprise. eyes grown dull and hopeless.

"Phil," whispered his sister, "suppose suppose—what happened to

She said again: "It was slow at first. brilliant eccentricity—that gradually animated decadence."

He looked up quickly, amased at her sudden bitterness, and she looked back

Copyright, But, by Robert W. Cambers. | "It was softening of the brain," he at him almost fiercely.

"Phil-he became violent at times."

A little later, Nina sat up in the hammock, daintly effacing the traces of tears. Selvyn was saying: "If this is so, that R there man has got to stand by her. Where could she go—if the only salvation has been in remainment to the world—to do such a thing—to a sort of girl who says such stupid things."

A little later, Nina sat up in the hammock, daintly effacing the traces of tears. Selvyn was saying: "If this ing of such a suit means her social ruin no matter what verdict is brought in the world—to do such a thing—to a sort of girl who says such stupid things pose that it is because I do not possed the traces of the said to come."

That there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship. And that what I why, you know that, don't you?"

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The there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship. And that what I why, you know that, don't you?"

The there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship. And that what I why, you know that, don't worry.

The there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship. And that what I why, you know that, don't worry.

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The there is nothing at all to disturb our friendship.

The there is nothing at all to disturb ou condition is to be-that! By every law done what she has done, and of manhood he is bound to stand by her continue to do what she does, now; by every law of decency and huand be mentally sound. This, at last, manity he cannot desert her now. If she does these these indiscreet things has long been my conclusion," she | - and if he knows she is not altogether mentally responsible-he cannot fall to

> "Phil," she said, "you speak like a her man, but she has no man to stand loy- it kept me awake nights, worrying, asked. ally by her in the direst need a human Yet I knew it must have been all right—soul may know. He is only a thing—no knowing you as I do. But do you supman at all-only a loathsome accident of pose other people would hold you as in-

stability of others. Yet, at intervals he learned-as she manages to learn every- he raised an unsteady hand to his moiselle "had bad in ze head." emained clever and witty and charm- thing a little before anybody else hears mouth, touching his mustache; and his of it-that Jack Ruthven found out that gray eyes narrowed menacingly.

"Yes. And the end?" he asked, quiet- ably harmless youth. But there was a ble?" disparse this knowledge to coerce Aixe into disparse in the first of t Alixe is aboard, and her husband is in "You say," insisted Selwyn, "that Over the soft, faintly fragrant hair New York, and Rosamund says he Rosamund spoke of me-in that way-to

> has done. * . And Phil-you know what she has done to you-what a mad species is obvious."

rooms?" he demanded, flushing darkly

"Did you suppose I didn't know it?" she asked quietly. "Oh, but I did: and sweetest, whitest, most loyal little soul

Alixe was behaving very carelessly with some man—some silly, callow and prob- Elleen?" he repeated. "Is that possi- was; and she evidently knew, for there moved so that her invitation to him what have you to say to me?"

The from her room, asking who it seated herself in the broad swing, and she evidently knew, for there moved so that her invitation to him what have you to say to me?"

Eileen?" "Yes. It only made the child angry,

with a shrug; "the antidote to her risk she took in going to your rooms that night"

"Who said she, had ever been in my "Right, thank God!" said belwyn between his teeth, "Mens sana in corpore door opened and she eme-- in a stilly or perverse or sentimental, will breezy flutter of silvery ribbons and you told me this, Nina."

"No. I won't."

mund hinted at some scandal touching And he entered the house and ascend- his, closed, and withdrew, leaving her smile of a man can sometimes stam- to us? Don't you understand how it is

But at the sound of conversation in patient to do it."

"Yes. D-did you wish to see me?" "I always do." "Thank you-I mean, do you wish gaze.

"Yes, I wish to see you at once." "Particularly?" "Very particularly,"

"Rosamund is Rosamund," said Nina you going to say to me if I come out?" "Something dreadful! Hurry!"

He rose and hughed a little-a curious She was dressed in some sort of deli- "No. I won't." sort of laugh; and Nina watched him, cate misty stuff that alternately clung perplexed.

She smiled at him with a trifle less of don't know," she repeated pitifully, and floated, outlining or clouding her courage a trifle more self-courselous. "Is it—can't you help thinking of me in Where are you going. Phil?" she glorious young figure as she moved ness. "And—and as for what I called that way? Can't you be as you were?"

When at length he returned to with leisurely free limbed grace across you"-

"No. I'll go up and inquire how she now offered, hand extended a cool, fra- great deal of the callow schoolgirl in between us. Oh, don't you see it is? a Susanne is there, isn't she?"

grant hand which lay for a 'scool in me yet, you see The wise, amused Don't you feel it—feel what it is doing

was a hint of laughter in her tone. was unmistakable. Then when he had "I wish to ask you something." "It is I. Are you better?" said Selwyn, taken the place beside her she turned "With pleasure," she said; "go ahead." natural of intimacies. I—I loved you so

to see me now? Because I'm very much occupied in trying to go to she asked. "Do you know? I don't. I speak coolly. "It is this: "Will you of her gown, flashing downward in the sleep."

went to my room after luncheon and went to my room after luncheon and stared. "Dear," he said gently, "nothing is lay down on my bed and quietly delib- She turned perfectly white and stared "Dear," he said gently, "nothing is sion I have reached?"

-though I was, apparently, for that one moment. And what I said about "Right, thank God!" said Selwyn be- she returned, and a moment later the of her, Capt. Selwyn. Don't think me of her, Capt. Selwyn. Don't think me Gladys was childish; I am not jealous

asked.

"I don't know. I—where is Eileen?"

"She's lying down—a headache; probably too much sun and salt water. Shall served for him, even if their separation had been for a few minutes only, she I send for her?"

"You mean when you called me by want to heip it, Eileen."

"Yes. I was silly to do it; sillier to be ashamed of doing it. There's a low voice. "It is that which is coming for him, and her face was very grave be ashamed of the callow schoolgirl in between us. Oh, don't you see it is?"

"You mean when you called me by want to heip it, Eileen."

"But—I wish you to," she said in a seat. Evidently rhe had been validing for him, and her face was very grave be ashamed of doing it. There's a low voice. "It is that which is coming for him, and sorrowful."

said, "was it not?"

Said not tell me what Rosamund had in a corner of the upper hall, sewing; said; "I know what you wish to say in a corner of the upper hall, sewing; said; "I know what you wish to say in a corner of the upper hall, sewing; to me. Besides, I have something to me. Besides, I confide to you, too. And I'm very im- did shock me. . . And, by myself, were so perfectly sweet and reasonable and in my very private thought, I do -so good, so patient; and now-and now the corridor Elleen's gay voice came to He followed her to the veranda; she sometimes call you-by your first name. I am losing confidence in you-in myself

taken the place beside her she toward him very frankly, and he looked up to encounter her beautiful direct ant.

"With pleasure, she said, go anead dearly—so fearlessly"—tant.

Tears blinded her; she said.

question, speaking slowly, but unstead- way too."

"That there is nothing at all to dis- "N-no," she said, "I cannot. Why- shrinking away from him. "Will you tell me why, Eileen?"

"I-I don't know why. I think-I suppose that it is because I do not love You cannot understand that now. But you-that way."

reason. I wonder-do you suppose that endure. Will you believe it?" me that way?"

and self-conscious-conscious of you, too -afraid of what seemed once the most

Tears blinded her; she bent her head "What is disturbing our friendship?" "Very well, then," he said, striving to and they fell on the soft, deficate sign

erated. And do you know what conclusat him, stunned. And he repeated his altered between us. I love you in that "D-do you-really?" she stammered,

"Truly. Nothing is altered; wothing of the bond between us is weakened

"Tes." he said, "that, of course, is the derstand is that our friendship must in time-perhaps-you might care for her nandkerchief and sat very still for "I don't know." She glanced up at a long time. He had elsen and walked him fearfully, fascinated, yet repelled, for a minute he stood there, his marrowed eyes following the sky

When at length he returned to her "You mean when you called me by "No. I can no longer help it. I don't she was sitting low in the swing, both

(To Be Continued.)